If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
Ile to the King my maiſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him. *Enter the Prince and Blunt*
War. Here comes the Prince.
Iuſt. Good morrow, and God ſaue your maieſtie.
Prince This new and gorgeous garment Maieſty
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you thinke:
Brothers, you mixt your ſadneſſe with ſome feare,
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court,
Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceedes,
But Harry Harry: yet be ſad, good brothers,
For by my faith it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And weare it in my heart: why then be ſad,
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,
For me, by heauen (I bid you be aſſurde)
Ile be your father, and your brother too,
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and ſo will I,
But Harry liues, that ſhal conuert thoſe teares
By number into howres of happineſſe.
Bro. We hope no otherwiſe from your maieſty.
Prince You all looke ſtrangely on me, and you moſt,
You are I thinke aſſurde I loue you not.
Iuſt I am aſſurde, if I be meaſurde rightly,
Your maieſty hath no iuſt cauſe to hate me.
Prince No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
So great indignities you laid vpon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon,
Th immediate heire of England? was this eaſie?
May this be waſht in lethy and forgotten?
Iuſt. I then did vſe the perſon of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in th adminiſtration of his law,

Whiles

Whiles I was buſie for the comm
Your Highneſſe pleaſed to forge
The maieſtie and power of law a
The image of the King whom I
And ſtrooke me in my very ſeate
Whereon, (as an offendor to you
I gaue bold way to my authority,
And did commit you: if the deed
Be you contented, wearing now th
To haue a ſonne ſet your decrees
To plucke downe Iuſtice from yo
To trip the courſe of law, and blun
That guards the peace and ſafetie
Nay more, to ſpurne at your moſt
And mocke your workings in a ſe
Queſtion your royall thoughts, m
Be now the father, and propoſe a
Heare your owne dignity ſo much
See your moſt dreadfull lawes ſo l
Behold your ſelfe ſo by a ſonne diſ
And then imagine me taking your
And in your power ſoft ſilencing
After this cold conſiderance ſente
And as you are a King, ſpeake in y
What I haue done that misbecame
My perſon, or my lieges ſoueraign
Prince You are right Iuſtice, a
Therefore ſtill beare the Ballance
And I do wiſh your honors may
Til you do liue to ſee a ſonne of mi
Offend you, and obey you as I did
So ſhall I liue to ſpeake my fathers
Happie am I that haue a man ſo bo
That dares do iuſtice on my prope
And not leſſe happie, hauing ſuch
That would deliuer vp his greatne

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